



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

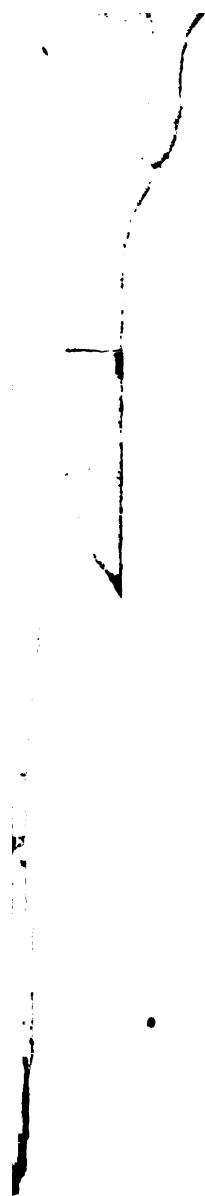
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

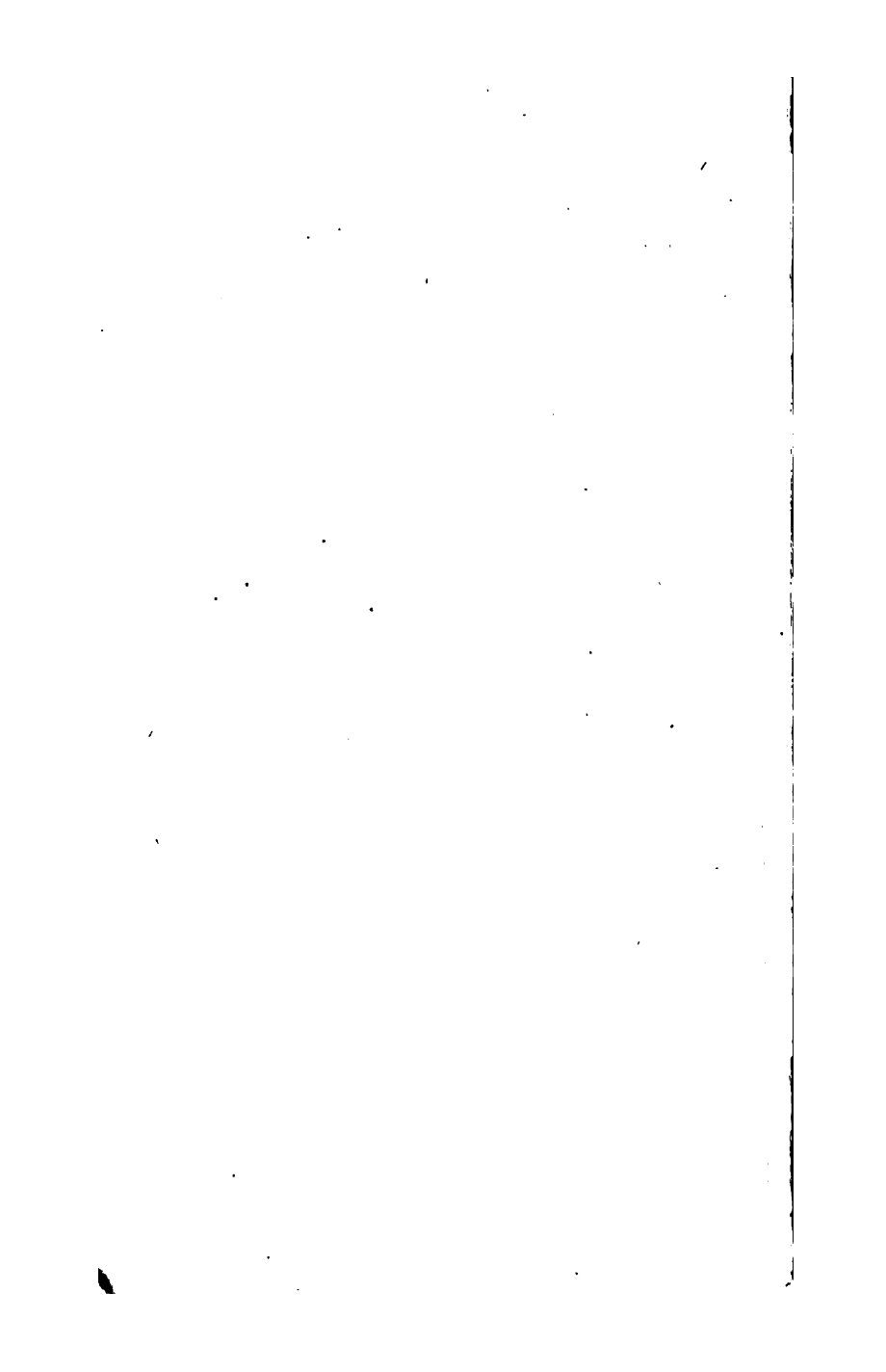


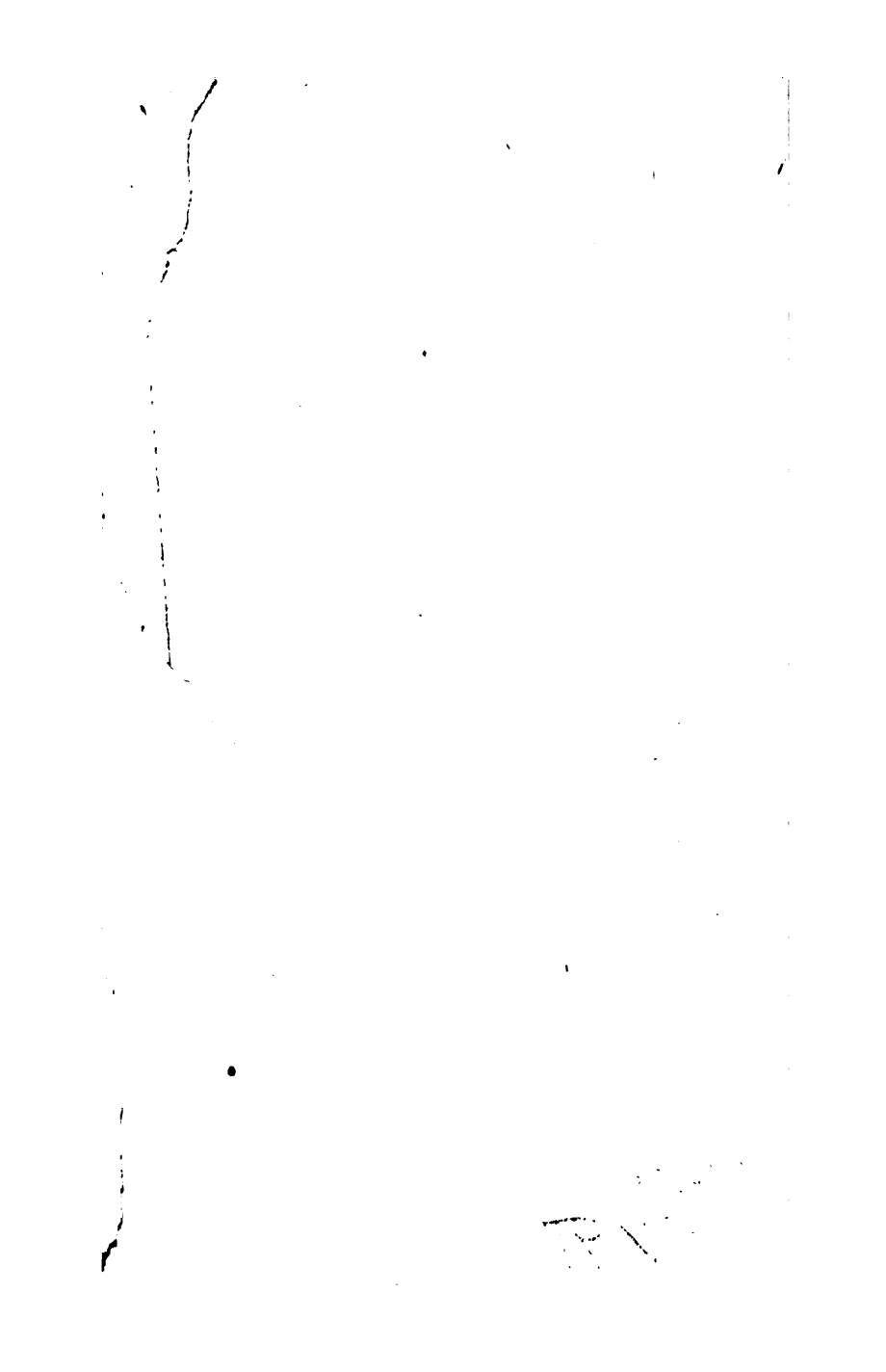
3 3433 06924166 3





2000





FRONTISPIECE.



Pl. 132
ABDALLAH & BALSORA

THE
CLASSIC:

OR, SUMMARY OF
MENTAL IMPROVEMENT,
AND
MORAL ENTERTAINMENT,

ILLUSTRATING THE VARIOUS
VIRTUES AND IMPERFECTIONS OF HUMAN NATURE;

IN A VARIETY OF THE MOST APPROVED
HISTORIES, ANECDOTES, ALLEGORIES, TALES,
VISIONS, &c. &c.

SELECTED FROM THE BEST CLASSICAL WRITERS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN ESSAY ON PRONUNCIATION OR DELIVERY.
BY HUGH BLAIR, D. D.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,
Dean Street, Peter Lane;

FOR T. HODSON, MIDDLE-TEMPLE LANE; AND
H. D. SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1801.

ligious principle, and often affect the moral. The subjects themselves are, for the greater part, of the narrative kind, such being the most generally acceptable to the intended readers. The style is the most approved, being that of the best English Classics only; and in general, the subjects those the most generally recommended. That it may answer the design of the Editor, in entertaining the mind, improving the morals, and correcting the taste of the young reader, is his earnest wish.

CONTENTS.

I NTRODUCTION. An Essay on Pronunciation or Delivery, with the Means of attaining a proper Elocution	1
Anticipation a Folly. The Fable of the Persian Glassman	10
Appearances not to be depended on. The Story of Socrates and a Physiognomist	13
On Behaviour	14
On Creation	15
On Contentment	20
Contentment, the consequence of Religion	22
Covetousness, depicted in the Story of Inkle and Yarico	28
Confidence Misplaced. The Story of the Castilian and Renegado	31
Celibacy a Folly. The Story of the Amazon Commonwealth	34
Charity Rewarded. The Story of the Gipsy who became an Ambassador	40
Compliments Absurd. A Letter from the Ambassador of Bantam, in the Reign of Charles the Second	41
The Deity's Omniscience and Omnipresence, proved from the Works of Creation	44
The Deity to be Obeyed	49
Filial Duty Displayed. A Roman Story	53
On Death	55
The Effects of Friendship. The Story of Alcander and Septimius	59

Gratitude in the Brute Creation. The Story of Androcles and the Numidian Lion	63
On Industry	66
On Indolence	67
Injustice Punished. The Story of Rhynsault the Unjust	71
Impartial Justice Displayed	76
The ill Effects of Jealousy. The Story of Herod and Mariamne	78
The Voyage of Life. A Vision	81
The Present Life Preparatory to a Future One ..	86
Life only Valuable by being Serviceable. The Story of Mirza	90
The Shortness of Life. The Dervise and a King of Tartary	96
The Danger of Love. The Story of Constantia and Theodosius	97
Magnanimity Displayed, by Madam de Villacerfe	105.
A View of the Jewish Nation	108
Providence Vindicated. A Jewish Tradition	112
Religious Principles, necessary in Youth	113
The Immortality of the Soul	114
The Importance of Time, and the proper Method of Employing it	118
On Truth and Sincerity	122
Virtue Displayed, in the Character of Scipio Africanus	125
Virtue Triumphant. The reduced Citizen	127
Virtue Protected and Rewarded. The Story of Helim the Physician	132

THE CLASSIC.

INTRODUCTION.

*An Essay on Pronunciation or Delivery, with the
Means of attaining a proper Elocution.*

THE great objects to which every public speaker should direct his attention, in forming his delivery, are, first, to speak so as to be fully and easily understood by his hearers; and next, to express himself with such grace and energy, as to please and to move them.

To be fully and easily understood, the chief requisites are, a due degree of loudness of voice, distinctness, slowness, and propriety of pronunciation.

To be heard is undoubtedly the first requisite. The speaker must endeavour to fill with his voice, the space occupied by the assembly. Though this power of voice is, in a great measure, a natural talent, it may receive considerable assistance from art. Much depends on the proper pitch and management of the voice. This may be distinguished by three gradations; the high, the middle, and the low one.—The high is used in calling aloud to some one at a distance: the low approaches to a whisper. The middle is that which is employed in common conversation, and which should generally be used in public speaking: For it is erroneous to suppose, that the highest pitch of the voice is requisite to be well

well heard by a great assembly. This is confounding two things materially different, loudness, or strength of sound, with the key or note on which we speak. The voice may be rendered louder without altering the key; and the speaker will always be able to give most body, most persevering force of sound, to that pitch of voice to which in conversation he is accustomed. Whereas, if he begin on the highest pitch of his voice, he will fatigue himself, and speak with pain; and whenever a man speaks with pain to himself, he is always heard with pain by his audience. To the voice, therefore, may be given full strength and swell of sound; but it should always be pitched on the ordinary speaking key; a greater quantity of voice should never be uttered than can be afforded without pain; and without any extraordinary effort. To be well heard, it is useful for a speaker to fix his eye on some of the most distant persons in the assembly, and to consider himself as speaking to them. We naturally and mechanically express our words with such a degree of strength, as to be heard by one to whom we address ourselves, provided he be situated within the reach of our voice. This will be the case in public speaking, as well as in common conversation. But it must be remembered, that, speaking too loud is peculiarly offensive. The ear is wounded when the voice comes upon it in rumbling indistinct masses; besides, it appears as if assent were demanded by mere vehemence and force of sound.

To being well heard and clearly understood, distinctness of articulation is more conducive, perhaps, than mere loudness of sound. The quantity of sound requisite to fill even a large space, is less than is generally supposed; and with distinct articulation, a man of a weak voice will make it extend farther than the strongest voice can reach without it. This, therefore, demands peculiar attention. The speaker

speaker must give every sound which he utters its due proportion, and make every syllable, and even every letter, be heard distinctly. To succeed in this, a rapidity of pronunciation must be avoided. A lifeless, drawling method is, however, by no means to be adopted. To pronounce with a proper degree of slowness, and with full and clear articulation, cannot be too industriously studied, or too earnestly recommended. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to language. It assists the voice, by the pauses and rests which it permits it more easily to make; and enables the speaker to swell all his sounds, both with more energy and more music. He may, by this means, preserve a due command over himself, and avoid that flutter of spirits produced by a rapid and hurried manner, which is destructive of all just and finished oratory.

To propriety of pronunciation, nothing is more conducive than an attentive care in giving to every word which we utter, that sound which the most polite usage of the language appropriates to it, in opposition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. On this subject, however, written instructions will avail nothing. But there is one observation which it may be useful to make: in our language, every word of more syllables than one, has one accented syllable. The genius of the language requires the voice to mark that syllable by a stronger percussion, and to pass more slightly over the rest. The same accent should be given to every word in public speaking as in common discourse. In this respect, many persons are apt to err. When they speak in public, and with solemnity, they pronounce differently from what they do at other times. They dwell upon syllables, and protract them; they multiply accents on the same word, from a false idea, that it gives gravity and strength to their discourse, and increases the pomp of public declamation. But this

this is one of the greatest faults which can be committed in pronunciation; it constitutes what is termed a theatrical or mouthing manner, and gives an artificial, affected air to speech, which detracts, in a great degree, from its agreeableness and its impression.

We shall now mention those higher parts of delivery, by studying which, a speaker endeavours not merely to render himself intelligible, but to give grace and force to what he utters. These may be comprehended under four heads; emphasis, pauses, tones, and gestures.

By emphasis is meant, a fuller and stronger sound of voice, by which we distinguish the accented syllable of some word on which we intend to lay a particular stress, and to shew how it affects the rest of the sentence. To acquire the proper management of the emphasis, the principal, and indeed the only rule which can be given is, that the speaker study to acquire a just conception of the force and spirit of those sentiments which he intends to deliver. In all prepared discourses, it would be extremely useful, if they were read over or repeated in private, with a view of searching for the proper emphasis, before they are pronounced in public; marking, at the same time, the emphatical words in every sentence, or at least in the most important parts of the discourse, and fixing them well in memory. A caution, however, must at the same time be given, against multiplying the emphatical words too much. They only become striking when used with a prudent reserve. If they recur too frequently; if a speaker endeavours to render every thing which he says of high importance, by a multitude of strong emphases, they will soon fail to excite the attention of his hearers.

Next to emphasis, pauses demand attention: they are of two kinds; first, emphatical pauses; and secondly,

condly, such as mark the distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is made, after something has been said of peculiar moment, and on which we want to fix the hearers' attention. Sometimes a matter of importance is preceded by a pause of this nature. Such pauses have the same effect as strong emphases, and are subject to the same rules; particularly to the caution just now given, of not repeating them too frequently. For since they excite particular attention, and consequently raise expectation, if this be not fully answered, they will occasion disappointment and disgust.

But the most common and the principal use of pauses, is to mark the divisions of the sense, and at the same time to permit the speaker to draw his breath; and the just and graceful management of such pauses, is one of the most delicate and difficult articles in delivery. A proper command of the breath is peculiarly requisite to be acquired. To obtain this, every speaker should be very careful to provide a full supply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great mistake to suppose, that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may easily be gathered at the intervals of a sentence, when the voice suffers only a momentary suspension; and hence a sufficient supply may be obtained for carrying on the longest period, without improper interruptions.

Pauses in public discourse, must be formed upon the manner in which we express ourselves in common, sensible conversation, and not upon the stiff, artificial manner which we acquire from perusing books, according to the common punctuation. The general method of punctuation is very arbitrary; often capricious and false; and dictates an uniformity of tone in the pauses, which is extremely unpleasant: for it must be observed, that to make pauses graceful and expressive, they must not only

fall in the right places, but be accompanied by a proper tone of voice; by which the nature of these pauses is intimated, much more than by their length, which can never be precisely measured. Sometimes it is only a slight and simple suspension of the voice which is proper; sometimes a degree of cadence is requisite; and sometimes that peculiar tone and cadence, which marks the conclusion of the sentence. In all these cases, a speaker is to regulate himself by attending to the manner in which nature teaches him to speak, when engaged in real and earnest discourse with others.

In reading or reciting verses, there is a difficulty in making the pauses with propriety. There are two kinds of pauses which belong to the music of verse; one at the end of the line, and the other in the middle of it. Rhyme always renders the former sensible, and compels an observance of it in the pronunciation. In blank verse it is less perceivable; and when there is no suspension in the sense, it has been doubted, whether in reading it with propriety, any regard should be paid to the close of a line? On the stage, indeed, where the appearance of speaking in verse should be avoided, the close of such lines as make no pause in the sense, should not be rendered perceptible to the ear. On other occasions, it were better, for the sake of melody, to read blank verse in such a manner as to make each line sensibly distinct. In attempting this, however, every appearance of sing-song and tone must be cautiously avoided. The close of the line, where there is no pause in the meaning, should be marked only by such a slight suspension of sound, as may distinguish the passage from one line to another, without injuring the sense.

The pause in the middle of the line falls after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th syllables, and no other. When it happens that this pause coincides with the slightest

est division in the sense, the line can be read with ease; as in the two first verses of Pope's *Messiah*;

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;
To heav'nly themes, sublimer strains belong.

But if it happen that words, which have such an intimate connexion as not to admit even a momentary separation, be divided from each other by this pause in the middle of the verse, we then perceive a conflict between the sense and the sound, which renders it difficult to read such lines with grace and harmony. In such cases, it is always better to sacrifice sound to sense. Thus, for instance, in the following line of Milton;

————— What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support.

The sense evidently dictates the pause after "illumine," which ought to be observed; though if the melody only were to be regarded, "illumine" should be connected with what follows, and no pause be made till after the 4th or 6th syllable. So also in the following line of Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*:

I sit, with sad civility I read.

The ear points out the pause as falling after "sad," the fourth syllable. But to separate "sad" and "civility," would be very injudicious reading. The sense allows no other pause than after the second syllable, "sit," which therefore is the only one that ought to be observed.

We proceed next to treat of tones in pronunciation, which are different both from emphasis and pauses; consisting in the modulation of the voice, the notes of variations of sound which are employed in public speaking. The most material instruction which can be given on this subject is, to form the tones of public speaking upon the tones of sensible
and

and animated conversation. Every one who is engaged in speaking on a subject which interests him nearly, has an eloquent or persuasive tone and manner. But when a speaker departs from his natural tone of expression, he is sure to render his discourse frigid and unpersuasive. Nothing is more absurd than to suppose, that as soon as a speaker ascends a pulpit, or rises in a public assembly, he is immediately to lay aside the voice with which he expresses himself in private, and to assume a new, studied tone, and a cadence altogether different from his natural manner. This has vitiated all delivery, and has given rise to cant and tedious monotony. Let every public speaker be prepared against this error. Whether he speak in private, or in a great assembly, let him not forget that he still speaks. Let him take nature for his guide, and she will teach him to express his sentiments and feelings in such a manner, as to make the most forcible and pleasing impression upon the minds of his hearers.

It now remains for us to treat of gesture, or what is called action, in public discourse. The best rule is, to recommend attention to the looks and gestures, in which earnestness, indignation, compassion, or any other emotion, discovers itself to most advantage in the common intercourse of men; and let these be the model for imitation. A public speaker must, however, adopt that manner which is most natural to himself. His motions and gestures ought all to exhibit that kind of expression which nature has dictated to him; and unless this be the case, no study can prevent their appearing stiff and ungraceful. But though nature be the basis on which every grace in gesture and action must be founded, yet the ornamental improvements which art can supply, must not be neglected. The study of action consists chiefly in guarding against awkward and disagreeable motions, and in learning to perform such

such, as are natural to the speaker, in the most graceful manner. Numerous are the rules which writers have laid down for the attainment of a proper gesticulation. But it is to be feared, that written instructions on this subject can be of little service. To become useful, they must be well exemplified. A few of the simplest precepts however, may be attended to with advantage. Thus, every speaker should study to preserve as much dignity as possible in the whole attitude of his body. He should generally prefer an erect posture; his position should be firm, so as to have the fullest and freest command of all his motions; if any inclination be used, it should be forward towards the hearers, which is a natural expression of earnestness. The countenance should correspond with the nature of the discourse; and when no particular emotion is expressed, a serious and manly look is always to be preferred. The eyes should never be fixed entirely on any one object, but move easily round the audience. In the motions made with the hands, consists the principal part of gesture in speaking. It is natural that the right hand should be employed more frequently than the left. Warm emotions require the exercise of them both together. But whether a speaker gesticulates with one or with both his hands, it is an important rule, that all his motions should be easy and unrestrained. Narrow and confined movements are usually ungraceful; and consequently motions made with the hands, should proceed from the shoulder rather than from the elbow. Perpendicular movements, in a straight line up and down, which Shakespeare calls, "Sawing the air with the hand," are to be avoided. Oblique motions are the most pleasing and graceful. Too sudden and rapid motions are seldom good. Earnestness can be fully expressed without their assistance.

We

We cannot conclude our observations on this subject, without earnestly admonishing every speaker to guard against all affectation, which is the destruction of good delivery. Let his manner, whatever it be, be his own; neither imitated from another, nor taken from some imaginary model which is unnatural to him. Whatever is native, though attended by several defects, is likely to please; because it shews us a man; and because it has the appearance of proceeding from the heart. To attain a delivery extremely correct and graceful, is what few can expect; since so many natural talents must concur in its formation. But to acquire a forcible and persuasive manner, is within the power of the generality of mankind. They must only unlearn false and corrupt habits; they must follow nature; and they will speak in public as they do in private, when they speak in earnest, and from the heart.

ANTICIPATION A FOLLY.

The Fable of the Persian Glassman.

ALNASCHAR was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachms of Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: "This basket," says he, "cost

"cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of glass-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my traffic till I have got together an hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of an hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the grand visier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the grand visier's daughter, I'll buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with a great train and equipage. And when I am placed on his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him; and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him with another purse of the same value, with some short speech; as, *Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise.*

"When

“When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed in her a due respect for me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner, that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa.”

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

THE APPLICATION.

This is a humorous ridicule upon the foolish vanity of building castles in the air, and idly wasting that time in empty flattering schemes, which might have been usefully employed in attending our proper business.

APPEAR-

APPEARANCES,

NOT TO BE DEFENDED ON.

The Story of Socrates and a Physiognomist.

THERE chanced to be a great physiognomist at Athens, who had made strange discoveries of mens' tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. Socrates's disciples, that they might put this artist to the trial, carried him to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination of his face, the Physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow that ever he had met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falsehood and vanity of his art: but Socrates told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which the physiognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with, by the dictates of philosophy.

We are indeed told, by an ancient author, that Socrates very much resembled Silenus in his face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from all the statues and busts of both, that are still extant; as well as on several antique seals and precious stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however observations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another; when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred against a person of worth, or fancy a man to be proud and ill-natured

by his aspect whom we think we cannot esteem too much, when we are acquainted with his real character.

THE APPLICATION.

We may learn from this story the force of true wisdom, which can restrain and change the worst dispositions, though ever so strongly seated in the constitution; for the light of nature planted in every heart, leaves all men without excuse who tread in the paths of vice, but greatly exalted must guilt be, who enjoy the blessing of divine revelation, yet neglect its sacred dictates.

SPECTATOR.

ON BEHAVIOUR.

LET not the season of youth be barren of improvements, so essential to your felicity and honour. Your character is now of your own forming; your fate is in some measure put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not pre-occupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarassed, and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine an everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so,
in

in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

BLAIR.

ON CREATION.

*Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.*

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 732.

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.

DRYDEN.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe. The world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and enquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is

stocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures. We find every mountain and marsh, wilderness, and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessities and conveniences for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of the Plurality of Worlds draws a very good argument from this consideration for the *peopling* of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the exigence of the other.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature,
that

that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish, which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense but that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the senses which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what

falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life. Nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence; he has, therefore, *specified* in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another, are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness, or the wisdom of the Divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may by a parity of reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. This consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being, and the *Power* which produced him.

“ That

" That there should be more *species* of intelligent
 " creatures above us, than there are of sensible and
 " material below us, is probable to me from hence :
 " that in all the visible corporeal world, we see no
 " chasms, or no gaps. All quite down from us, the
 " descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of
 " things, that in each remove differ very little one
 " from the other. There are fishes that have wings;
 " and are not strangers to the airy region : and there
 " are some birds that are inhabitants of the water ;
 " whose blood is as cold as fishes, and their flesh so
 " like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them
 " on fish days. There are animals so near of kin
 " both to birds and beasts, that they are in the mid-
 " dle between both. Amphibious animals link the
 " terrestrial and aquatic together. Seals live at land
 " and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and
 " entrails of a hog ; not to mention what is con-
 " fidently reported of mermaids or sea men. There
 " are some brutes that seem to have as much know-
 " ledge and reason, as some that are called men ;
 " and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so
 " nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of
 " one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce
 " be perceived any great difference between them :
 " and so on until we come to the lowest and the
 " most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find
 " everywhere that the several *Species* are linked
 " together, and differ but in almost insensible de-
 " grees. And when we consider the infinite power
 " and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think
 " that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of
 " the universe, and the great design and infinite
 " goodness of the architect, that the *Species* of crea-
 " tures should also by gentle degrees ascend upward
 " from us toward his infinite perfection, as we see
 " they gradually descend from us downward : which,
 " if

"if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more *species* of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct *species*, we have no clear distinct *ideas*."

In this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings, which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he, who in one respect being associated with angels and arch-angels, may look upon a Being "of infinite perfection" as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may in another respect say to corruption, "Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister."

SPECTATOR.

ON CONTENTMENT.

A CONTENTED temper is one of the greatest blessings that can be enjoyed by man, and one of the most material requisites to the proper discharge of the duties of every station. For a fretful and discontented temper renders one incapable of performing aright any part in life. It is unthankful and impious towards God; and towards men provoking and unjust. It is a gangrene which preys on the vitals, and infects the whole constitution with disease and putrefaction. Subdue pride and vanity,
and

and you will take the most effectual method of eradicating this distemper. You will no longer behold the objects around you with jaundiced eyes. You will take in good part the blessings which Providence is pleased to bestow, and the degree of favour which your fellow-creatures are disposed to grant you. Viewing yourselves, with all your imperfections and failings, in a just light, you will rather be surprised at your enjoying so many good things, than discontented because there are any which you want. From an humble and contented temper, will spring a cheerful one. This, if not in itself a virtue, is at least the garb in which virtue should be always arrayed. Piety and goodness ought never to be marked with that dejection which sometimes takes rise from superstition, but which is the proper portion only of guilt. At the same time, the cheerfulness belonging to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from that light and giddy temper which characterizes folly, and is so often found among the dissipated and vicious part of mankind. Their gaiety is owing to a total want of reflection; and brings with it the usual consequences of an unthinking habit, shame, remorse, and heaviness of heart, in the end. The cheerfulness of a well-regulated mind, springs from a good conscience and the favour of heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reason. It makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him. It is the clear and calm sunshine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good dispositions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart.

BLAIR.

CONTENTMENT,

CONTENTMENT,

THE CONSEQUENCE OF RELIGION.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabâ, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?"—"My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver."—"To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection,

protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat; and though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. "Hássan," said he, "I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee, is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: "Hassan," said he, "forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." "Hassan," he replied, "I can no otherwise give life or happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence
over

over others, fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee: Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to encrease or to continue."

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost: and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once
more

more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and, throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. "Hassan," said he, "what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my Lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falshood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. "Hassan," said he, "I perceive, not with indignation, but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I

first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me."—I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an extasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath; such thou knowest was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son Aububekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with

with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleasures of neither can return.—Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son," said he, "more is yet in thy power than Al-malic could give, or Aububekir take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of thy soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the
c 2 bucket,

bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet; to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

ADVENTURER.

COVETOUSNESS,

Depicted in the Story of Inkle and Yarico.

MR. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America in search of provisions: the youth,

youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him: after the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation: she therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and beads. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moon-light, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him

where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him asleep in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yaricô, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signal; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market for the Indian, and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

SPECTATOR.

THE APPLICATION.

What heart possessed of a spark of humanity, can avoid abhorring the sordid, black ingratitude and base treachery of Inkle; or seeing the fatal tendency of making the love of gain the ruling principle, which could, even in a youthful and amorous heart, destroy every social virtue, every humane and grateful disposition, and sink the person governed by it below the most rapacious animal; for the tyger kills to satisfy his hunger; but more cruel Inkle betrays to misery his protector, his benefactor, his deliverer, only to fill his purse; and of so little moment is difference of country to determine a person's true character, that we see here those honest, tender and generous sentiments in a wild Indian, which were wretchedly wanting, nay, perverted into the vilest conduct, in one of a polite nation.

CONFIDENCE MISPLACED.

The Story of the Castilian and Renegado.

AN inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth year of his age, to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman, who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for some years had laid that whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her, and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a
voyage

voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a shipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same master, who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend, hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting of them at liberty. There happened to live a French renegado in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines, enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice, how he should behave himself in that exigency: he further told the renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless

unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The renegado, after having represented to him, that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt, and, having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow, unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the renegado with the money he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story; but, since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found

his wife had left him : he immediately arose and enquired after her, but was told, that she was seen with the renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity; who partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

THE APPLICATION.

This story is almost too plain to need a remark, and too black to bear one. The basest returns for the greatest obligations raise a horror in the honest breast that shocks human nature; yet we may learn from it the danger of listening to temptation, since we know not how soon it may seduce us to what we most detested; and in the renegado (who was a professor of christianity, turned Turk) appears the truth of this observation, that he who is false to his God, or can make his religion subservient to his interest, is not likely to be true to his friend.

SPECTATOR.

CELEBRACY A FOLLY.

The Story of the Amazon Commonwealth.

AS the mutual regard between the two sexes tends to the improvement of each of them, we may observe that men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal natures, who live as if there were no such things as women in the world; as on the contrary, women, who have an indifference or aversion
for

for their counterparts in human nature, are generally sour and unamiable, sluttish, and censorious.

I am led into this train of thoughts by a little manuscript which contains a summary account of two different states which bordered upon one another. The one was a commonwealth of Amazons, or women without men; the other was a republic of males, that had not a woman in their whole community. As these two states bordered upon one another, it was their way, it seems, to meet upon their frontiers at a certain season of the year, where those among the men who had not made their choice in any former meeting, associated themselves with particular women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their wives in every one of their yearly rencounters. The children that sprung from this alliance, if males, were sent to their respective fathers, if females, continued with their mothers. By means of this anniversary carnival, which lasted about a week, the commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and supplied with respective subjects.

These two states were engaged together in a perpetual league, offensive and defensive, so that if any foreign potentate offered to attack either of them, both the sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to reason. It was remarkable, that for many ages this agreement continued inviolable between the two states, notwithstanding, as was said before, they were husbands and wives: but this will not appear so wonderful, if we consider that they did not live together above a week in a year.

In the account which my author gives of the male republic, there were several customs very remarkable. The men never shaved their beards, or pared their nails above once in a twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual meeting

upon their frontiers. I find the name of a minister of state in one part of their history, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean linen, and of a certain great general, who was turned out of his post for effeminacy, it having been proved upon him, by several creditable witnesses, that he washed his face every morning. If any member of the commonwealth had a soft voice, a smooth face, or a supple behaviour, he was banished into the commonwealth of females, where he was treated as a slave, dressed in petticoats, and set a spinning. They had no titles of honour among them, but such as denoted some bodily strength or perfection, as such an one *the Tall*, such an one *the Stocky*, such an one *the Gruff*. Their public debates were generally managed with kicks and cuffs, insomuch that they often came from the council-table with broken shins, black eyes, and bloody noses. When they would reproach a man in the most bitter terms, they would tell him his teeth were white, or that he had a fair skin, and a soft hand. The greatest man I met with in their history, was one who could lift five hundred weight, and wore such a prodigious pair of whiskers as had never been seen in the commonwealth before his time. These accomplishments, it seems, had rendered him so popular, that if he had not died very seasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the republic. Having made this short extract of the male commonwealth, I shall now mention several particulars relating to the republic of women.

The girls of quality, from six to twelve years old, were put to public schools, where they learned to box and play at cudgels, with several other accomplishments of the same nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little miss returning home at night with a broken pate, or two or three teeth knocked out of her head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great horse, to shoot, dart, or
slings,

sling, and listed into several companies, in order to perfect themselves in military exercises. No woman was to be married till she had killed her man. The ladies of fashion used to play with young lions instead of lap-dogs, and when they made any party of diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at ombre or picquet, they would wrestle and pitch the bar for a whole afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a blush seen, or a sigh heard, in the commonwealth. The women never dressed but to look terrible, to which end they would sometimes, after a battle, paint their cheeks with the blood of their enemies. For this reason likewise the face which had the most scars was looked upon as the most beautiful. If they found lace, jewels, ribbons, or any ornaments in silver or gold among the booty which they had taken, they used to dress their horses with it, but never entertained a thought of wearing it themselves. There were particular rights and privileges allowed to any member of the commonwealth, who was a mother of three daughters. The senate was made up of old women; for by the laws of the country none was to be made a counsellor of state that was not past child-bearing. They used to boast their republic had continued four thousand years, which is altogether improbable, unless we may suppose, what I am very apt to think, that they measured their time by lunar years.

There was a great revolution brought about in this female republic by means of a neighbouring king, who had made war upon them several years with various success, and at length overthrew them in a very great battle. This defeat they ascribe to several causes; some say that the secretary of state, having been troubled with the vapours, had committed some fatal mistakes in several dispatches about that time. Others pretend, that the first minister, being big with child, could not attend the public

public affairs, as so great an exigency of state required; but this I can give no manner of credit to, since it seems to contradict a fundamental maxim in their government, which I have before mentioned. My author gives the most probable reason of this great disaster; for he affirms, that the general was brought to bed, or (as others say) miscarried the very night before the battle: however it was, this signal overthrow obliged them to call in the male republic to their assistance; but, notwithstanding their common efforts to repulse the victorious enemy, the war continued for many years before they could entirely bring it to a happy conclusion.

The campaigns which both sexes passed together made them so well acquainted with one another, that at the end of the war they did not care for parting. In the beginning of it they lodged in separate camps, but afterwards, as they grew more familiar, they pitched their tents promiscuously.

From this time the armies being chequered with both sexes, they polished apace. The men used to invite their fellow soldiers into their quarters, and would dress their tents with flowers and boughs for their reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her name in the table, or chalking out her figure upon a wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous language, which by degrees improved into verse and sonnet. These were as the first rudiments of architecture, painting, and poetry among this savage people. After any advantage over the enemy, both sexes used to jump together, and make a clattering with their swords and shields for joy, which in a few years produced several regular tunes and set dances.

As the two armies romped on these occasions, the women complained of the thick bushy beards and long nails of their confederates, who thereupon took care to prune themselves into such figures as
were

were most pleasing to their female friends and allies.

When they had taken any spoils from the enemy, the men would make a present of every thing that was rich and showy to the women whom they most admired, and would frequently dress the necks, or heads, or arms of their mistresses, with any thing which they thought appeared gay or pretty. The women, observing that the men took delight in looking upon them, when they were adorned with such trappings and gewgaws, set their heads at work to find out new inventions, and to outshine one another in all councils of war, or the like solemn meetings. On the other hand, the men, observing how the women's hearts were set upon finery, began to embellish themselves, and look as agreeable as they could in the eyes of their associates. In short, after a few years conversing together, the women had learnt to smile, and the men to ogle; the women grew soft, and the men lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon the finishing of the war, which concluded with an entire conquest over their common enemy, the colonels in one army married the colonels in the other: the captains, in the same manner took the captains to their wives: the whole body of common soldiers were matched after the example of their leaders. By this means the two republics incorporated with one another, and became the most flourishing and polite government in that part of the world which they inhabited.

THE APPLICATION.

The burlesque in this little history is strong upon those fantastic tempers, who pretend to quarrel with the appointments of infinite wisdom, and are for reforming the original constitution of things. Mutual dependance of sex, as well as station, is necessary

to preserve the beauty and order, as well as the being of Society.—SPECTATOR.

CHARITY REWARDED.

The Story of the Gipsy who became an Ambassador.

AS the trekschuyte, or hackney-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy, running along the side of the canal, desired to be taken in; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned, upon further examination, that he had been stole away when he was a child by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of these strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy, by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him up for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who

was

was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate; the father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given over for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages. Our linguist, having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a gentleman; weeping off, by little and little, all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations: nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gipsy.

THE APPLICATION.

A compassionate action is always its own reward in the pleasure it gives; and sometimes meets with extraordinary returns; which should teach us never to miss an opportunity of exercising benevolence according to our power. In the course of Providence occurrences seemingly disadvantageous to us, often prove in the issue greatly beneficial.

SPECTATOR.

COMPLIMENTS ABSURD.

A Letter from the Ambassador of Bantam, in the Reign of Charles the Second.

“ MASTER,

“ THE people, where I now am, have tongues
 “ farther from their hearts than from London to
 “ Bantam, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one

D 3.

“ of

" of these places do not know what is done in the
 " other. They call thee and thy subjects Barba-
 " rians, because we speak what we mean ; and ac-
 " count themselves a civilized people, because they
 " speak one thing and mean another : truth they
 " call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon
 " my first landing, one who was sent from the king
 " of this place to meet me, told me, *That he was*
 " *extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just*
 " *before my arrival.* I was troubled to hear him
 " grieve and afflict himself upon my account ; but
 " in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and
 " was as merry as if nothing had happened. Ano-
 " ther who came with him told me by my interpre-
 " ter, *He should be glad to do me any service that lay*
 " *in his power.* Upon which I desired him to carry
 " one of my portmanteaus for me ; but instead of
 " serving me according to his promise, he laughed,
 " and bid another do it. I lodged, the first week,
 " at the house of one, who desired me to *think my-*
 " *self at home, and to consider his house as my own.*
 " Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock
 " down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the
 " fresh air, and had packed up some of the house-
 " hold goods, of which I intended to have made
 " thee a present : but the false varlet no sooner saw
 " me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me
 " to give over, for that he would have no such
 " doings in his house. I had not been long in this
 " nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had
 " asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's
 " servants, whom they here call the lord treasurer,
 " that I had *eternally obliged him.* I was so sur-
 " prised at his gratitude, that I could not forbear
 " saying, what service is there which one man can
 " do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity !
 " However, I only asked him for my reward- that
 " he would lend me his eldest daughter during my
 " stay

" stay in this country ; but I quickly found that he
 " was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.
 " At my first going to court, one of the great men
 " almost put me out of countenance, by asking ten
 " thousand pardons of me for only treading by ac-
 " cident on my toe. They call this kind of a lie a
 " compliment; for when they are civil to a great
 " man they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldest
 " order any of thy officers of state to receive an
 " hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how
 " I shall negotiate any thing with this people, since
 " there is little credit to be given to them. When I
 " go to see the king's scribe, I am generally told
 " that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him
 " go into his house almost the very moment before.
 " Thou wouldest fancy that the whole nation are
 " physicians, for the first question they always ask
 " me, is, *How I do?* I have this question put to
 " me above an hundred times a day. Nay, they
 " are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but
 " wish it in a more solemn manner with a full glass
 " in their hands, every time I sit with them at table,
 " though at the same time they would persuade me
 " to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have
 " found by experience will make me sick. They
 " often pretend to pray for thy health also in the
 " same manner ; but I have more reason to expect
 " it from the goodness of thy constitution, than the
 " sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape
 " in safety from this double-tongued race of men,
 " and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in the
 " royal city of Bantam."

THE APPLICATION.

All redundance of complimentary professions is no
 part of true politeness, nor indeed often reconcil-
 able with common honesty ; for where, upon slight
 grounds,

grounds, we meet with great protestations of friendship, we have reason to expect little performance.

SPECTATOR.

THE DEITY'S OMNISCIENCE AND OMNIPRESENCE,

Proceed from the Works of Creation.

I WAS yesterday, about sun-set, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty, which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak
more

more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns ; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us ; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other: as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present no more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes ; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it ; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings, of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us, that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence; his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another, or to draw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a being whose centre is every where, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space, is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little *sensoriums*,

riums, by which they apprehend the presence, and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. "Oh that I knew where I might find him! (says Job.) Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him." In short, reason as well as revelation, assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures; so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.—SPECTATOR.

THE

THE DEITY TO BE OBEYED.

IN one of your late papers, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light in which I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable

of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of these advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us away from his presence, and take his holy spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, Secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may assure ourselves, that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of those accursed places behold him only
in

in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of omnipotence incensed.

But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-cast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expostulation of Job, when for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! "Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?" But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know the spirit of God is present with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may

however taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul, to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul, and the sight of that Being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of
our

our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles; *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus, bonorum malorumque custos et observator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* "There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him." But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation; "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

SPECTATOR.

FILIAL DUTY DISPLAYED.

A Roman Story.

THE prætor had given up to the triumvir a woman of some rank, condemned, for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance; concluding, that in a few days the mother must of course perish for want, and that the severity of put-

ting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend how the latter should live so long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breasts to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life. And the ground upon which the prison stood was consecrated, and a temple to filial piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner! For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter? It might even seem so unnatural as to render it doubtful whether it might not be, in some sort, wrong, if it were not that duty to parents is the first law of nature.—VAL. MAX. PLIN.

ON DEATH.

————— *Afflata est numine quando*
Jam propiore Dei —————

Virg. *Æn.* vi. 50.

When all the God came rushing on her soul.

DRYDEN.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that society who assists me in my speculations. It is a *thought in sickness*, and of a very serious nature, for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

SIR,

THE indisposition which has long hung upon me, is at last grown to such a head, that it must quickly made an end of me, or of itself. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of health, there are none of your works which I read with greater pleasure than your Saturday's Papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any hints for that day's entertainment. Were I able to dress up several thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great impressions on my mind during a long fit of sickness, they might not be an improper entertainment for that occasion.

Among all the reflections which usually rise in the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before him who made him. When a man considers, that as soon as the vital union is dissolved, he shall see that Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a distance, and only in his
 works;

so many offences of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and in short, so many defects in his best actions, that without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his sovereign judge, or that he should be able to stand in his sight. Our holy religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following hymn, which I have composed during this my sickness.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
 To make her pardon sure.

Yours, &c.

SPECTATOR

THE EFFECTS OF FRIENDSHIP.

The Story of Alcander and Septimius.

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together: the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained

mained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress emotions at once so imprudent and unjust, the frenzy of his mind in a short time became so strong, that it brought on a fever which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love: and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant, dying man.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius: in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the highest digni-
ties

ties of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed among the rest; and, in the evening,

evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was immediately examined; and Alcander being found, was apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the
attention

attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

GOLDSMITH.

GRATITUDE IN THE BRUTE CREATION.

The Story of Androcles and the Numidian Lion.

ANDROCLES was the slave of a noble Roman, who was proconsul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the desert of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the further end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length,

to his great surprise, a huge over-grown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it till the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length of this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsuls of Afric, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a shew for the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was also performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run
of

of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a huge monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, he fell to the ground and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Afric. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, "*Hic est leo hospes hominis; hic est homo medicus leonis.*" This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician."

THE APPLICATION.

The generous gratitude of this noble animal loudly reproaches many of our own species, who, though endued with higher faculties, quickly lose a sense of favours received, and some, still more base, return evil for good to their greatest benefactors.

Had Androcles been some great person, there would have been many shining remarks, at least on the extraordinary circumstances of his very remarkable deliverance; as that the lion intended for his destruction should be the same he had preserved, &c. But we may see that the life of the meanest

slave is as precious as that of the greatest hero, in the sight of him who has formed us all of one clay.

SPECTATOR.

ON INDUSTRY.

DILIGENCE, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired: in youth; the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of

of crimes and evils. It is like water which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death.' Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness I include, not merely inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements; in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country?—Amusements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business, of the young. For they then become the gulph of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy.

BLAIR.

ON INDOLENCE.

NO other disposition, or turn of mind, so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life, as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it: he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children,

dren, and family, from starving; and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt: and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which should seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any possessed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here, the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited; and at the same time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and with great propriety placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and bob-majors, as the boys of Christ-church

church Hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedidiah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhymers, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

There is not in the world a more useless, idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as a negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He, who does no good, will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or work at his trade, should always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly: and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or at best, ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object, than a man of an honest heart, and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to take rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved
and

and more universally avoided, than my friend Careless. He is an humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head, and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

Virtue then is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day slip undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out, "I have lost a day." If we regard our time in this light, how many days shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost! and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life! If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrive to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man four years old; dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb-stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish, that, in every parish, several acres were marked out for a new and spacious burying-

burying-ground: in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone, inscribed with Ob. Ann. Æta. 80, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs.—CONNOISSEUR.

INJUSTICE PUNISHED.

The Story of Rhynsault the Unjust.

WHEN Charles Duke of Burgundy, surnamed The Bold, reigned over spacious dominions, now swallowed up by the power of France, he heaped many favours and honours upon Claudius Rhynsault, a German, who served him in his wars against the insults of his neighbours. A great part of Zealand was at that time in subjection to that dukedom. The prince himself was a person of singular humanity and justice. Rhynsault, with no other real quality than courage, had dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspecting master for a person of blunt honesty and fidelity, without any vice that could bias him from the execution of justice. His highness, prepossessed to his advantage, upon the decease of the governor of his chief town of Zealand, gave Rhynsault that command. He was not long seated in that government, before he cast his eyes upon Sapphira, a woman of exquisite beauty, the wife of Paul Danvelt, a wealthy merchant of the city, under his protection and government. Rhynsault was a man of a warm con-

†

stitution

stitution and a violent inclination to women, and not unskilled in the soft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the satisfactions which are reaped from the possession of beauty, but was an utter stranger to the decencies, honours, and delicacies that attend the passion towards them in elegant minds. However he had so much of the world, that he had a great share of the language which usually prevails upon the weaker part of that sex, and he could with his tongue utter a passion with which his heart was wholly untouched. He was one of those brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty, without the least pity, passion, or love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inseparable to a lustful man; and the possession of a woman by him who has no thought but allaying a passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by distaste and aversion. Rhynsault being resolved to accomplish his will on the wife of Danvelt, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her house, but she knew his character and disposition too well not to shun all occasions that might ensnare her into his conversation. The governor, despairing of success by ordinary means, apprehended and imprisoned her husband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correspondence with the enemies of the duke, to betray the town into their possession. This design had its desired effect, and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, presented herself in the hall of the governor's house, and, as he passed through the apartment, threw herself at his feet, and holding his knees, beseeched his mercy. Rhynsault beheld her with a dissembled satisfaction, and assuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his closet; and

and asking her whether she knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud, *If you will save your husband, you must give me an account of all you know without prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the rest of the conspirators, or any other particulars whatsoever.* He went to his closet, and soon after the lady was sent for to an audience. The servant knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated, and the governor, laying aside the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the suppliant, to rally an affliction, which it was in her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his imprisonment. She easily perceived his intention, and, bathed in tears, began to deprecate so wicked a design. Lust, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its service and subjection. Her becoming tears, her honest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her posture and figure in the vehemence of speaking, were but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and further incentives of his desire. All humanity was lost in that one appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the price of her husband's life, and she must, before the following noon, pronounce the death or enlargement of Danvelt. After this notification, when he saw Sapphira again enough distracted to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with insupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband, and having signified to his gaolers, that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed,

C

and

and represented the endless conflict she was in between love to his person and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by shame from speaking what his fear prompted, upon so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. Rhynsault commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety, in the language of a gallant, bid her return and take her husband out of prison: but, continued he, my fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future assignments: these last words foreboded what she found when she came to the gaol, her husband executed by the order of Rhynsault.

It was remarkable that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint, but stood fixed with grief, at this consummation of her misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode, and after having in solitude paid her devotions to him who is the avenger of innocence, she repaired privately to court; her person, and a certain grandeur of sorrow negligent of forms, gained her passage into the presence of the duke her sovereign. As soon as she came into the presence, she broke forth into the following words: "Behold, O mighty Charles,

"Charles, a wretch weary of life, though it has been always spent with innocence and virtue. It is not in your power to redress my injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the protection of the distressed, and the punishment of oppressors, is a task worthy a prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy ample matter for doing honour to his own great name, and wiping infamy off mine."

When she had spoke this, she delivered the duke a paper reciting her story. He read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raise in a prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, Rhynsault was sent for to court, and in the presence of a few of the council, confronted by Sapphira: the prince asking, *Do you know that lady?* Rhynsault, as soon as he could recover his surprise, told the duke he would marry her, if his highness would please to think that a reparation. The duke seemed contented with his answer, and stood by during the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it he told Rhynsault, *Thus far have you done as constrained by my authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind usage of her, without you sign a gift of your whole estate to her after your decease.* To the performance of this also the duke was a witness. When these two acts were executed, the duke turned to the lady, and told her, "It now remains for me to put you in quiet possession of what your husband has so bountifully bestowed on you;" and ordered the immediate execution of Rhynsault.

THE APPLICATION.

Behold, in the just fate of the cruel and perfidious Rhynsault, what a horrid train of crimes are the consequence, when any vicious passion or appetite

is suffered to get the dominion over us. It renders the man a most hateful monster, fit only to be an outcast from mankind. Can any sensual enjoyment compensate for the loss of innocence? Does not our deserting virtue, especially when she is most vigorously attacked, betray a weakness and littleness of soul? And does not the shame and disappointment we are sure to meet with by so doing add an inexpressible load of misery? We should, likewise, from the just resentment of Sapphira, probably one of tender and delicate sentiments, learn the great danger of complying with criminal inclinations, however strongly they may solicit us, when the methods of doing so are injurious to others.

SPECTATOR.

IMPARTIAL JUSTICE DISPLAYED.

AS one of the sultans lay encamped on the plains of Auala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him, that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and, if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three days the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants

attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The sultan approaching it, looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in the house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the emperor eat very heartily. The peasant, seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeau to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? Why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? And why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner: "Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming? I gave orders therefore for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray by partiality or compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and to my unspeakable joy, found it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees, and gave thanks to God. As to my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in, upon this occasion, since the first

c. 3.

complaints

complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this very moment.

THE APPLICATION.

We have here a noble instance of magnanimity in the execution of justice. The man that would be steadily virtuous, must be deaf to passion, and resolutely shun every thing that may throw a bias on the mind; nor should we overlook the sultan's pious gratitude. Our thankfulness for a deliverance should bear a proportion to our past distress.

SPECTATOR.

THE ILL EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

The Story of Herod and Mariamne.

MARIAMNE had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit, and youth could give a woman, and Herod all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for Mariamne, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to Mark Antony, who immediately summoned Herod into Egypt, to answer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. Herod attributed the summons to Antony's desire of Mariamne, whom therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his uncle Joseph, with private orders to put her to death, if any such violence was offered to himself. This Joseph was much delighted with Mariamne's conversation, and endeavoured with all his art and rhetoric to set out the excess of Herod's passion for her; but when he still found her cold and incredulous, he
incon-

inconsiderately told her, as a certain instance of her Lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to Joseph's interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous instance of a wild, unreasonable passion, quite put out, for a time, those little remains of affection she still had for her lord: for now her thoughts were so wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that she could not consider the kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. Herod was at length acquitted and dismissed by Mark Antony, when his soul was all in flames for his Mariamne; but, before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's conversation and familiarity with her in his absence. This therefore was the first discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and Herod poured out his whole soul to her in the warmest protestations of love and constancy; when amidst all his sighs and languishings, she asked him whether the private orders he left with his uncle Joseph, was an instance of such an inflamed affection. The jealous king was immediately roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded his uncle must have been too familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a secret. In short, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare Mariamne.

After this, he was forced on a second journey into Egypt, when he committed his lady to the care of Sohemus, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel himself. In the mean

mean while Marianne so won upon Sohemus by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secret from him, with which Herod had intrusted him; so that, after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had he not feared he himself should have become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent storm of love upon him; Marianne was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour so incensed Herod, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness, suborned by some of Marianne's enemies, who accused her to the king of a design to poison him. Herod was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack; who, in the extremity of his tortures, confessed, that his mistress's aversion to the king arose from something Sohemus had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that Joseph had, before him, on the like occasion. Nor would Herod rest here; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and by his authority with the judges had her publicly condemned and executed. Herod soon after her death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning

doing himself to all the black considerations which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity, and despair. He used to rave for his Mariamne, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatened him.

THE APPLICATION.

In Herod may be seen, of how little value are the strongest professions of love or friendship, in a heart abandoned to the wild starts of passion, which frequently flies from one extreme to another, and with as little cause hates to-day, as it adored yesterday; and in Mariamne we learn the dangerous indiscretion of exposing ourselves to the resentment of such persons, however just our expostulations may be; for it is well observed, that the injurious seldom forgive being told of the injury, and that it is putting a sword into a madman's hand.

SPECTATOR.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE,

A Vision.

"**LIFE,**" says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age."—The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition

sition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; by soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion; I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of life; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chuse, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with a thick mist, that the most perspicacious eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness

darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments, in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with the rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spreads couches of repose;
and

and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of Life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared

peared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success. As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

RAMBLER.

THE PRESENT LIFE PREPARATORY TO A FUTURE ONE.

A LEWD young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father," says he, "you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world." "True, son," said the hermit: "but what is thy condition if there is?"—Man is a creature designed for two different states of being,

being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of those two lives is it our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and, at its utmost length, of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life that is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think, that we are a species of beings made quite for different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence; when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which, after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is stated by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years: supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand
in

in a thousand years : which of these two cases would you make your choice ?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration, which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten years, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity : or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity ; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice !

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life ; but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy, even in this life, than a contrary course of vice ; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice !

Every wise man therefore, will consider this life

only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

SPECTATOR.

LIFE ONLY VALUABLE BY BEING SERVICEABLE.

The Story of Mirza.

IT pleased our mighty sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused; he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He therefore obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus;

cus; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death: all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles, but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

"Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth: my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages, are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: but by whom then must the faithful be governed? by those only who have no fear of judgment? by those only whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die! Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the dervise alone

alone the gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may He who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. "My lord!" said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman, who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign." The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words:

"To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty lord has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my youth, which thou hast

hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the prophet multiply to thee!

“ Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet; I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country: my dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill; I drank the running water from the spring, and ate such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the prophet, and expecting illuminations from above. One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed stedfastly upon it, and saw it alight
at

at a small distance, where I now descried a fox whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and vanities of life: but thou hast as yet only done it in part; thou art still every day busied in the search of food, thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself is not necessity but devotion? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object: this impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words: 'Cosrou, I am the angel, who by the command of the Almighty have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again

again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.

“ At these words I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received: as the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is profane which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of Paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment; here thou canst little more than pile error upon error; there thou shalt build truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the ALMIGHTY only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest: thou canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation, or charity; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused;

diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell. May the smile of Him who resides in the heaven of heavens be upon thee! and against thy name in the volume of His will, may happiness be written!"

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know "that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind."

ADVENTURER.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

The Dervise and a King of Tartary.

A DERVISE travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by a mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he had laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the Eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodgings in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during the debate, and smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish

distinguish a palace from a caravansary? Sir, says the dervise, give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in the house when it was first built? The king replied, his ancestors: And who, says the dervise, was the last person that lodged here? The king replied, his father. And who is it, says the dervise, that lodges here at present? The king said to him, that it was himself. And who, says the dervise, will be here after you? The king answered, the young prince his son. " Ah, sir, said the dervise, a house that changes his inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary.

THE APPLICATION.

What is this world but an inn, where one generation is continually passing off and another succeeding? Surely this should teach us never to be excessively elated, or depressed; since, as the sacred orator beautifully expresses it, the fashion of this world passes away; and therefore it should be our principal care, by a steady course of virtue, and a watchful improvement of every opportunity of doing good, to secure to ourselves a happy and more lasting habitation.

THE DANGER OF LOVE.

The Story of Constantia and Theodosius.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and
virtuous

virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age, he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distance from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression in her heart, as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees, raised in them that mutual passion, which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbid him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty, never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was over-awed with the authority of her father, and unable to object anything against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture

ture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to Constantia :

" The thought of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear; must I then live to see you another's? The streams, the fields, and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a burthen. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

" THEODOSIUS."

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house one after another to enquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung on his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted: she now accused herself for having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover, as the murderer of Theodosius: in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage, which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father, seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his

daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than love. Constantia had now no relief, but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns, among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place, a father of a convent, who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Romish church, for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessor for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city where now Constantia resided; and desiring the secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to enquire after Constantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival, upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion,

religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she or any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius, had now taken upon him the name of father Francis; and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia, kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story, in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, says she, has I fear been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows, how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes, that streamed with tears, towards the father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears, poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as a proper atonement for

her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself; burst out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrows, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—To tell her that her sins were forgiven her.—That her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—That she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself upon this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions, when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such peace and satisfaction in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give.

Constantia's

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of father Francis, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess into her own apartment.

The abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her noviciate and father Francis, from whom she now delivered to her the following letter.

" As the first fruits of those joys and consolations
 " which you may expect from the life you are now
 " engaged in, I must acquaint you that Theodosius,
 " whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is
 " still alive; and that the father to whom you have
 " confessed yourself was once that Theodosius
 " whom you so much lament. The love which
 " we have had for one another will make us more
 " happy in its disappointment than it could have
 " done in its success. Providence has disposed of
 " us for our advantage, though not according to our
 " wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as dead,
 " but assure yourself of one who will not cease to
 " pray for you in father

" FRANCIS."

Constantia saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, it is enough, says she, Theodosius is still in being; I shall live in comfort, and die in peace.

The letters which the father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after Constantia
 had

had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others, Theodosius. Upon his death bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia; who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sickness of this nature, the abbess finding that the physicians had given her over, told her, that Theodosius was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure: and now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it.—She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them to the following purport:

Here lie the bodies of father Francis and sister Constance. *They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths were not divided.*

THE APPLICATION.

It is impossible for a mind untainted with mean, interested views, not to feel a variety of emotions from this affecting narrative. The deep distress of these amiable lovers speaks the necessity of guarding ourselves against the too powerful influences of even the noblest of human passions, lest, in the midst of our flattering prospects, when things seem most to favour us, some unexpected stroke should suddenly dash our hopes, and cause the mind, enervated by the soft passion, to sink beneath its woes. In Constantia's father, how cruel does their tyranny appear, who arrogate to themselves an arbitrary right over their children or wards, and sacrifice to their own groveling passions, or capricious humours, their

their real happiness, to promote which is the very design and limits of their authority? As a bitter consequence of this unnatural conduct, we see here two persons, the best formed for being blessings to society, lost to all its duties and enjoyments, and drove into a state of inactive recluseness.

MAGNANIMITY DISPLAYED,

By Madam de Villacerfe.

SIR,

IT is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you characters of your nearest relations, as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of Madam de Villacerfe, whose departure out of this life, I know not whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind. On the 10th instant that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known, that some years ago Monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this lady: her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion: but as a woman has always some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon advice of her physicians to lose some of her blood) to send for Monsieur

Monsieur Festeau on that occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it, in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some apprehension: she smiled, and said, she knew Mr. Festeau had no inclination to do her injury. He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also, proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation, he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for that he had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's distraction as the patient's composure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days time, it was thought necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using Festeau as it would be natural to one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any consultation about her present condition, and on every occasion asked whether he was satisfied in the measures that were taken about her. Before this last operation, she ordered her will to be drawn, and after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the surgeons, of whom poor Festeau was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art, but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed, as her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took notes of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to Mr. Festeau, which is as follows:

“ Sir, you give me inexpressible sorrow for the
anguish

anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all intents and purposes from the interests of human life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; no, you are my benefactor, as you have hastened my entrance into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this accident; but the world in which you live may have thoughts of it to your disadvantage; I have therefore taken care to provide for you in my will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill nature."

While this excellent woman spoke these words, Festeau looked as if he received a condemnation to die, instead of a pension for his life. Madam de Villacerfe lived till eight of the clock the next night; and though she must have laboured under the most exquisite torments, she possessed her mind with so wonderful a patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe than she died at that hour. You, who had not the happiness to be personally known to this lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the honour you had of being related to so great merit; but we, who have lost her conversation, cannot so easily resign our own happiness by reflection upon hers.

I am, sir, your affectionate kinsman,
and most obedient humble servant,

PAUL REGNAUD.

There hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life itself could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned

crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in her last article, nor is it to be doubted, but it was a constant practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but consummation of her life,

THE APPLICATION.

How different the judgment and conduct of truly great minds from those actuated by mean, selfish passions! Humble, pure, disinterested affection, demands gentle and generous treatment, whatever are its errors, or however the circumstances of the person beloved may forbid its desired returns.

A VIEW OF THE JEWISH NATION.

*Davis ut illex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in algido,
Per damna, per cades, ab ipso
Ducit spes animamque ferro.*

Hor. 4. Od. iv. 57.

—Like an oak on some cold mountain brow,
At ev'ry wound they sprout and grow :
The axe and sword new vigour give,
And by their ruins they revive. AMON.

AS I am one, who, by my profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I consider with so much pleasure, as those who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reason I have often amused myself with speculations on the race of people called Jews, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable towns which I have passed through in the course of my travels. They are

are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the instruments by which the most distant nations converse with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correspondence. They are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they are but little, valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracts of observation, I shall consider this people in three views. First, with regard to their number: secondly, their dispersion: and, thirdly, their adherence to their religion: and afterwards endeavour to shew, first, what natural reasons, and, secondly, what providential reasons may be assigned for these three remarkable particulars.

The Jews are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the land of Canaan.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful slaughter made of them under some of the Roman emperors, which historians describe by the death of many hundred thousands in a war; and the innumerable massacres and persecutions they have undergone in Turkey, as well as in all christian nations of the world. The rabbins, to express the great havock which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of hyperbole, that there were such torrents of holy blood shed as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the sea.

Their dispersion is the second remarkable particular in this people. They swarm over all the east; and are settled in the remotest parts of China. They are spread through most of the nations of Europe and Africa, and many families of them are established in the West-Indies: not to mention

whole nations bordering on Prester-John's country, and some discovered in the inner parts of America, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion is no less remarkable than their numbers and dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent apostasies of this people, when they lived under their kings in the Land of Promise, and within sight of their temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reasons of these three particulars which we find in the Jews, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their exemption from wars, and, above all their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the Messiah may descend from them.

The dispersion of the Jews into all the nations of the earth, is the second remarkable particular of that people, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reason they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of promise. They have as often been banished out of most other places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a people, and oblige them to seek a livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole people is now a race of such merchants as are wanderers by profession, and, at the same time, are in most, if not all, places incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This dispersion would probably have lost their religion,

religion, had it not been secured by the strength of its constitution: for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the same inclosure; to marry among themselves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all table conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what providential reasons may be assigned for these three particulars, we shall find that their numbers, dispersion, and adherence to their religion, have furnished every age, and every nation of the world, with the strongest arguments for the christian faith, not only as these very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the depositaries of these, and all the other prophecies, which tend to their own confusion. Their number furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses that attest the truth of the old Bible. Their dispersion spreads these witnesses through all parts of the world. Their adherence to their religion makes their testimony unquestionable. Had the whole body of the Jews been converted to christianity, we should certainly have thought all the prophecies of the Old Testament, that relate to the coming and history of our blessed Saviour, forged by christians, and have looked upon them, with the prophecies of the Sibyls, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretell.

SPECTATOR.

PROVIDENCE VINDICATED.

A Jewish Tradition.

IN a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, that great prophet, it is said, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone, than a little boy came to the same place, and finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this, came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier missing his purse returns to search for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier, not believing his protestations, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his expostulation; "Be not surprised, Moses, nor ask why the judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass: the child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but know, that the old man, whom thou sawest, was the murderer of that child's father."

THE APPLICATION.

"We are not at present (says the ingenious Mr. Addison) in a proper situation to judge of the counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives

arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; and those events, the permission of which seems now to accuse the divine goodness, may, in the consummation of things, both magnify his goodness, and exalt his wisdom;" yet the careful observer may in this state of twilight, sometimes discover much of equity in the divine administrations, as in the case of Adanibezeck, who acknowledged the justice of his punishment.

SPECTATOR.

RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES,

Necessary in Youth.

AS soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or happiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves

yourself up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not these consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?—Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. By listening to wise admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of your life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

BLAIR.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

I Was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of

of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a think-
ing

ing being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

Hæres

Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.

HOR. Ep. ii. l. 2. v. 175.

—Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first

first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards, to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet
what

what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness!

SPECTATOR.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME,

And the proper Method of employing it.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining of days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar in his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself, in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life, in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be a page, then to be a man of business, then to manage an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthen

our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad, in most parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands ; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action ; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow :

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in
our

our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suitable to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage?—But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person,

one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are qualities that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might, on all occasions, have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

SPECTATOR.

ON TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains

pains and labour to seem to have it, is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a strait line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up,

and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than bye ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falshood and dissimulation, it is sooner over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falshood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds, the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to
the

the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernment of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

SPECTATOR.

VIRTUE DISPLAYED,

In the Character of Scipio Africanus.

THE soldiers, after the taking of New Carthage, brought before Scipio a young lady of such distinguished beauty, that she attracted the eyes of all.

L. 3.

wherever

wherever she went. Scipio, by enquiring concerning that country and parents, among other things learned that she was betrothed to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and bridegroom to be sent for. In the mean time he was informed, that the young prince was so excessively enamoured of his bride, that he could not survive the loss of her. For this reason, as soon as he appeared, and before he spoke to her parents, he took great care to talk with him. "As you and I are both young," said he, "we can converse together with greater freedom. When your bride, who had fallen into the hands of my soldiers, was brought before me, I was informed that you loved her passionately; and, in truth, her perfect beauty left me no room to doubt of it. If I were at liberty to indulge a youthful passion, I mean honourable and lawful wedlock, and were not solely engrossed by the affairs of my republic, I might have hoped to have been pardoned my excessive love for so charming a mistress. But as I am situated, and have it in my power, with pleasure I promote your happiness. Your future spouse has met with as civil and modest treatment from me, as if she had been amongst her own parents; who are soon to be yours too. I have kept her pure, in order to have it in my power to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only return I ask of you for this favour is, that you will be a friend to the Roman people; and that if you believe me to be a man of worth, as the states of Spain formerly experienced my father and uncle to be, you may know there are many in Rome who resemble us; and that there are not a people in the universe, whom you ought less to desire to be an enemy, or more a friend, to you or yours." The youth, covered with blushes, and full

full of joy, embraced Scipio's hands, praying the immortal gods to reward him, as he himself was not capable to do it in the degree he himself desired, or he deserved. Then the parents and relations of the virgin were called. They had brought a great sum of money to ransom her. But seeing her restored without it, they began to beg Scipio to accept that sum as a present; protesting they would acknowledge it as a favour, as much as they did the restoring the virgin without injury offered to her. Scipio, unable to resist their importunate solicitations, told them, he accepted it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, thus addressed Allucius: "To the portion you are to receive from your father-in-law, I add this, and beg you would accept it as a nuptial present." So he desired him to take up the gold, and keep it for himself. Transported with joy at the presents and honours conferred on him, he returned home, and expatiated to his countrymen on the merits of Scipio. "There is come amongst us," said he, "a young hero, like the gods, who conquers all things, as well by generosity and beneficence, as by arms." For this reason, having raised troops among his own subjects, he returned a few days after to Scipio with a body of 1400 horse.

SPECTATOR.

VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT.

The reduced Citizen.

AN eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather chuse

chuse to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends in order to support the shew of an estate, when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself, on this occasion, with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not the least expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expence, their eldest daughter (whom I shall call Amanda) was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the lord of the manor, who often called at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and having observed his growing passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day, as he called to see her,

her, he found her in tears, over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion, when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father, with the following letter:

" SIR,

" I have heard of your misfortune, and have
 " offered your daughter, if she will live with me,
 " to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and
 " to lay down the sum for which you are distressed.
 " I will be so ingenuous as to tell you I do not in-
 " tend marriage: but if you are wise, you will use
 " your authority with her not to be too nice, when
 " she has an opportunity of saving you and your
 " family, and making herself happy.

" I am, &c."

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother; she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows:

" DEAREST CHILD,

" Your father and I have just now received a
 " letter from a gentleman who pretends love to
 " you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes;
 " and would throw us to a lower degree of mi-
 " sery, than any thing which is come upon us.

" How

" How could this barbarous man think, that the
 " tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply
 " their wants by giving up the best of children to
 " infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice
 " to make this proposal at a time when he thinks
 " our necessities must compel us to any thing; but
 " we will not eat the bread of shame; and there-
 " fore we charge thee not to think of us, but to
 " avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue.
 " Beware of pitying us: It is not so bad as you
 " have perhaps been told. All things will yet be
 " well, and I shall write my child better news.

" I have been interrupted. I know not how I
 " was moved to say things would mend. As I was
 " going on, I was startled by a noise of one that
 " knocked at the door, and hath brought us an
 " unexpected supply of a debt which had long
 " been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It
 " is some days I have lived almost without sup-
 " port, having conveyed what little money I could
 " raise to your poor father.—Thou wilt weep to
 " think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon
 " at liberty. That cruel letter would have broken
 " his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I
 " have no companion at present besides little
 " Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write,
 " and is crying for her sister: she says she is sure
 " you are not well, having discovered that my pre-
 " sent trouble is about you. But do not think I
 " would thus repeat my sorrows, to grieve thee:
 " No, it is to intreat thee not to make them insup-
 " portable, by adding what would be worse than
 " all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction which
 " we have not brought on ourselves, and remember
 " there is a power who can better deliver us out
 " of it than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven
 " preserve my dear child.

" Thy affectionate Mother."

The

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately, to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress: but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought her a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention: Her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle, which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

“MADAM,

“I am full of shame, and will never forgive myself if I have not your pardon for what I have lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing, but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a son. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter; nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

Madam,

“Your most obedient humble servant.”

This

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself, to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

THE APPLICATION.

What a lovely picture is here of the excellence of true virtue rising above distress, and with a noble disdain, rejecting all offers of relief that would taint its purity! How far superior to the wealthy libertine does the fair Amanda, and her heroic mother, appear in the lowest ebb of fortune? Who, that has a spark of ingenuity, can read her moving letter, without feeling the force of those noble principles that inspired it? Did the man of taste, as he is falsely called, but once experience the solid pleasures of virtue, he must, for his own sake, embrace its laws, and follow its happy dictates.

SPECTATOR.

VIRTUE PROTECTED AND REWARDED.

The Story of Helim the Physician.

THE name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim, the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim
was

was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons, whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of Caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner. "Helim," said he, "I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now show thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as your own. Train them in the humble, unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive." "The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed," said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the east. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a
x
girl

girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved Balsora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balsora, his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services; and that, in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter: "Far be it," said he, "from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the Caliphs, and join *himself* in marriage with the daughter of his physician." The king however was so impatient for such a bride, without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of Paradise. But upon hearing the honour which

which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him: Balsora was again conveyed to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim, finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, and that her body should be laid in the black palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint my reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his

daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the black palace; which is the repository of all who are descended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the black palace, it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The black palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him, till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blessed, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming

embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. - His greatest perplexity was how, to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon, of the month Tizpa, was near at hand. Now it is a tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do, on the first full moon after their decease pass through the eastern gate of the black palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore, having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes, who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that shewed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they past through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen, but this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment

pliment that was usually paid to any of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile distance from the black temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on mount Khacan. The air on this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possest with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place, insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was for some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity

opportunity as he desired, the new king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan; he immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house, demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time, and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to co: upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had past.

The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sopha on which he sat, and cried out. " 'Tis he! my Abdallah!"—Having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears for joy. The king at length, after having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her, that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that, instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah, continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of Persia. This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without

without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

THE APPLICATION.

This story presents us with a lively contrast between a tyrant given up to his own raging passions and cruel jealousies, and a mind calmed by wisdom and sweetened with the most benevolent dispositions. How does the horrors of the one illustrate the beauty of the other? The haughty oppressor will often be dealt with deceitfully, and his cruelty will furnish his best friends with arts to evade his power.

In the lovers we see grandeur makes no part of happiness to the well-instructed mind, and mutual tender friendship finds a thousand sweets in a calm retirement.



C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer,
Dean Street, Fetter Lane, London.

